

CAMERA.

My father had an interesting camera – a Leica M2. He sometimes used it for taking family snaps, but mostly he took photographs, usually colour slides, of the places that he or we were. It intrigued me greatly, my father's camera, and I envied him. There is perhaps something repressed or sublimated in this envy, an element of sexual jealousy of the son for the father and for his command of the world. My brother had a Brownie box camera at some point – in its brown cloth case it hangs around his neck in a photograph of the three of us – him, me and my sister – on the beach in Sri Lanka when he is perhaps seven years old.* I, too, must have had one of these at some point, certainly at ten years old when there is a photograph of me feeding the pigeons in Trafalgar Square and another photograph (double-exposed) of my friend Chris Lilliecrap sitting in a bronze age box tomb on Dartmoor.* In my memory it is black plastic with a white plastic trim round the lens and a white button. The camera I had as a teenager must have been different, since the format of the photographs I have kept changes from rectangular to square. It was probably another Kodak, my memory of it is as another rectangular box, slightly longer in proportion to its height than a brick, grey with chrome plastic trim around the edges and the lens. The photographs coming out of this camera are mostly in colour, now somewhat washed out, but strongly associated with summer holidays, some happier than others.* I remember one humiliating incident in a park in the American city of Norfolk, Virginia. I was alone, the rest of the family at some distance, when I found myself surrounded by a group of older boys who insisted I take their photograph – why I don't know – and as they posed and mugged for me, I pressed the button. I was mortified and felt that the images, now irrevocably registered on film were somehow polluting, certainly deeply shameful and evidence of having appeased some bully. I imagined getting the film packet back from processing at the

chemist and having to explain who these strange individuals were and my acceptance of their demands. I rewound the film, pointed the camera at the sun and took picture after picture to obliterate the evidence on the negative, doing it twice to make sure the film was ruined. On the other hand, there is a photograph of me grinning, standing beside the River Stour in Dorset, holding by the tail a large chub I had just hauled out of the water.

By my mid-teens taking photographs had begun to be interesting in itself and I became convinced that a camera using 35-mm film was better (perhaps this also reflects a residual jealousy concerning my father's camera). Although I learnt quite quickly the relations of control over focus, aperture and shutter, the aspiration reflected a developing ambition and a changing relation to the world. My first 35-mm camera was a Pal, a Japanese camera with a limited set of controls and a bright-spot focusing mechanism through the viewfinder, a copy of an earlier Kodak camera. There was no built-in metering so I used an exposure calculator to work out the settings. The calculator was a set of concentric discs, pinned in the middle, on which you can set film speed, subject and light conditions and read off aperture and shutter speed around the edge. The camera must have been a birthday present for either my fifteenth or sixteenth birthday and the next day I set off on a bicycle to spend the day taking photographs. This was presumably the first time that the taking of photographs was an end in itself rather than an adjunct to other activities. I ended up at Ellesmere in Cheshire, about twenty miles from home, and took a lot of photographs of geese by the lake.* These were now once more in black and white, presumably because photography, as I was now beginning to think, was more related to black and white than to colour. This is also the camera that I used to begin documenting the sculptures that I had made, placing them against a crumpled white sheet draped over a bush in the garden or against a neutral

section of brick wall.*

I stayed for an extra year at school, taking an additional A-level in art, and began constructing an experiment in physics. I had become interested in light polarization and fascinated by the possibilities of viewing stress patterns through polarized filters, and constructed an apparatus to enable me to view – and record – them.* I also started an evening class in photography, two nights a week, at Plymouth School of Art, where I first began using a (borrowed) single-lens reflex – a Nikon I think – and learnt to develop my own black-and-white films and to print my own photographs. I also learnt some darkroom manipulations such as solarisation, and came to understand more about the workings of camera, film and photographic paper.*

The 1960s were, of course, a period of massive growth in imagery and its distribution in print and television: the Kennedy assassination, the Civil Rights movement, the savagery of the Vietnam War and the activism of its opposition, the tragedy of Biafra etched in images by Don McCullin, men in space and the preparations for the moon landing, superstar models Twiggy and Veruschka and their photographers, David Bailey and Terence Donovan, the growth of Pop, which fed, fed on and was fed by these images. The first Sunday colour supplements were published in February 1962 (*The Sunday Times*, closely followed by *The Observer*) and these rapidly improved as the technology of offset colour printing developed. I tore or cut pages from these (*The Sunday Times* was particularly good) and this stock became a foundation for collages and drawings or material that I transferred into graphics* or onto prints.*

Imagery was important, but the camera was not always, I thought, necessary and I sometimes had doubts about looking at the world through a lens. In the summer of 1967

I set out with Mike Harrison, a school friend, to hitchhike across France, aiming towards the Mediterranean and the Spanish frontier. It was a rite of passage, we had just done our A-levels, Mike had left school and I was about to be eighteen. I did not take a camera with me.

In 1968, at around the time I started on my Foundation Course at Somerset College of Art, I part-exchanged the Pal for a Praktica, a cheap East German copy of a Japanese Pentax and something of an art-school standard. I was sometimes discomfited by having this camera, its bulk and weight were a presence on my shoulder and the wide opening of the large lens seemed to suggest a voyeuristic or domineering gaze. Unlike many of my contemporaries who carried their cameras with the lens exposed, I carried mine in its case, hooded like a falcon, which, of course always meant a certain amount of unpacking prior to use. Nevertheless, it seemed to me that this was a real camera (and because of theft and carelessness I had three of them over a five-year period) that I had become qualified to use and, of course, above all I loved looking through the lens, seeing what the camera sees, feeling myself registering the world as if I were a piece of unexposed film. The camera seemed an adjunct to being an art student and the photograph itself became a material. As I began to find other ways of making art, the camera served to provide a documentary record. When I persuaded a group of fellow students to carry the linked elements of one sculpture through the streets of Taunton, the work became the accompanying series of photographs.* In the darkroom I found it was possible to make prints without negatives by either laying material on the photographic paper or by inserting translucent material in the negative carrier of the enlarger. I used spit and saliva in this way to create a series of prints that then became the material, covering and hiding a white-painted wooden chair: photography that was played back onto the world, and then itself becoming a photographed object.*

In September 1969 I moved to London, becoming a first year student in the Sculpture Department at Saint Martin's School of Art. I found myself at the beginning of a radical programme, inspiring, absorbing and demanding. Much of my initial work outside of this programme involved photography. I used printed photographs as a support for text and drawing in sequences of images containing propositions about space, line, area and structure. These were photographs from different places, some taken during the progress of the work (for example on my frequent rail journey from Gillingham in Dorset to Waterloo Station in London), others were pre-existing, of places that I had visited.*

Another sequence involved a text about a journey and the passage of time. In this sequence I was the actor and asked Andrew Rice, a fellow student, to take photographs as I went from our shared flat in Kentish Town into Saint Martin's at the top end of Charing Cross Road. For this I hired a camera, a Pentax body, and a fisheye lens. I wanted the camera to record not just my actions but my actions in a surrounding space and the fisheye lens seemed to do that. In any case it was fascinating. The resulting sequence of prints were themselves glued to two sides of a box and rephotographed so the work became the documented journey, with text typed onto the printed photographs and a printed photograph of the collaged box (also with a text): a reflexive echo both of the action and of its documentation.* These works were essentially propositional, tied to developments in my thinking about art and art practice, about space and time, and about the social, political and physical structures of the world.

Photography was deeply involved but, in other instances, as I worked with materials in the chaos of the first-year studio under differing kinds of imposed constraints (the regimen of that first-year course), photography was more simply a documentary activity, recording often transient, but nevertheless deeply material works. The fisheye lens was a temporary solution to a persistent problem that niggled at me – this was the

ability of the camera to frame an image, to separate the object from its surroundings and to privilege a single point of view. The fisheye lens enabled the conceit that you saw more with it, as if it were a Benthamite panopticon. However, the optics meant that the recorded image was heavily distorted; you might see more, but what you got did not correspond to how it looked. As the year went on and the work progressed I became rather unsure of where the boundaries were, of where the work finished. In documentary terms the framing issue became important, since I knew roughly what I was photographing but not quite where it was. Or, to put it another way, I didn't have enough distance to have a point of view. One working solution I came to adopt was to position myself in the corners of the room, that is at the most distant points, and to take photographs with the camera pointed along the diagonals and held level so that whatever was within the frame was included. A sequence of four such images more or less recorded what was in the room.* The issue of whether it was my work or not seemed irrelevant since, as a group of students, we were all working cheek by jowl and had a lot of interaction. Another way to think about the issue of framing would be to say that much of the sculpture I saw was mediated by reproduction as image, in magazines, books or lectures and therefore somewhat bounded or contained, literally as image and figuratively as idea. This was in conflict with my – and our – experience and developing practices, which involved a great deal of interchange and collaboration; the boundaries were indistinct.*

The first photographs I took in my second year were of a performance carried out on the flat roof at Saint Martin's. Finding out that one of the few things I could be definite about was that 'sculpture was made of something by somebody, somewhere', I produced a material by layering various substances into a large composite sheet within a marked-out performance area and kitted out a white boiler suit with a specially equipped tool

belt. I invited Ian Kirkwood and Clive (Ted) Walters, close friends and fellow sculpture students, to join me in working with this material, adopting, turn and turn about, the roles of Performer, Assistant and Observer. The Assistant used a camera to document the actions of the Performer. In one of these photographs (taken by Ted), Ian is the Performer and I am the Observer, standing on the fire-escape platform overlooking the roof next to Peter Atkins (Kardia), a course tutor whom I had invited to attend.* I remember the day well. That morning I had received a short letter from my mother, some three or four lines, typed using a new keyboard. She suffered from motor neurone disease, and as the disease had developed she had become increasingly cut off, scarcely able to move and unable to talk or to write. For more than a year it had hardly been possible to understand her needs at anything more than the most rudimentary level and she required constant nursing. She had retained voluntary motor control only over the turning of her head. It was this movement that she now had learned to use to drive a pointer over a letter display, which allowed her to select a letter, then select again, activating a typewriter keyboard, a slow and laborious process. It was this process that had produced the letter I had unexpectedly received that morning. The letter was extraordinary for its very ordinariness. I had been at boarding school and knew very well from many letters how she constructed sentences, her ways of saying things, and this short note was entirely characteristic of her. It was wonderful, as if she had been lost for a very long time and had now suddenly returned. Later in the year, as her letters continued, I began to write in reply, replacing photographs with longer and longer descriptions of the daily activity in the studio.

That was later though. To begin with, I gathered the leftovers from the performances on the roof and packed the remains into a container built against one wall of the sculpture studio. This was where I left it whilst Ted, Ian and myself, in a provocative action,

absented ourselves from the college during a week of assessments (leaving chickens in our place)* and worked, guided loosely by the same turn-and-turn-about structure, in the New Arts Lab in Rupert Street, just off the Euston Road. There were at least two cameras, my Praktica and Ian's Pentax, which he holds in some of my pictures. The series of photographs that resulted from my camera show the three of us improvising objects and situations from out of the limited resources we had brought with us, sometimes playing games, sometimes performing tasks, sometimes building an installation.*

Returning to Saint Martin's in January 1971 I dismantled the container holding the stuff from the roof and stacked the timbers beside the pile of compacted rubbish.* I suggested to Ted that he and I change places, [[FE: cf. 1971 Stuff, Box, Object]] swapping our work and each carrying on with the other's material. Surprisingly, he agreed and I acquired the large wooden box he had constructed from some old warehouse doors. I fixed a light into the lid and climbed inside, shutting the lid behind me. It was uncomfortable, hot, cramped and smelt strongly of rancid fat (which Ted had smeared on the inside of the box) and of my own sweat. I felt peculiarly exposed and imprisoned by my own action. My intention was to operate from the inside as if the world were a 'black box' – an unknown mechanism, the contents of which one attempts to determine by recording the effect of inputs on outputs. I had a camera with me, an old box Brownie that I tried to use. Perhaps this was one of the periods that the Praktica was lost or perhaps I did not want a camera that I looked through the lens with but wanted one with simpler controls, that just needed me to press the button. I took photographs until, on turning over, I smashed the light and the camera became useless. The photographs are faint and show the light bulb and, sometimes, my face but I valued them since, in this instance, the camera was particular and seemed to have

been there, in a very specific place, and that the photographs, barely registered on the negative as they were, seemed more like a residue than an image.* There are few photographs from the rest of the year – the work was continually evolving and I now believed that taking photographs privileged instances over that continuity and separated the work from its surroundings. The photographs that I have are mostly from the occasional negatives given to me by others. In preference, and in response to the letters I was receiving, I began writing long letters to my mother, day-by-day descriptions of my activity, trying to build for her a mental image of the studio, its comings and goings, and of the things that occupied me. These letters were typed and I kept carbon copies. These later formed the basis of a text – *Stuff, Box, Object* – an account of the actions at Saint Martin's from the time I collected the material on the roof to the end of the second year.*

The material relics of this work were still in the studio at the beginning of the third year, at the end of September 1971. Much of the first part of the year was taken up with writing the required extended essay, my subject being the interdependence of language and perception. However, with the degree exhibition looming, it became important to find a way to show these relics – and their genesis. Ted and I eventually decided to inter them in the fabric of the studio – constructing a false corner to hide them, so that the studio appeared unchanged, but opening a previously blocked window so that they could be seen from an external stairwell.* We presented the history of our work together as a scripted dialogue – *Verbatim Transcript* – performed daily during the exhibition over a scale model of the studio.

The last work I made at Saint Martin's, but did not exhibit, involved performing set series of actions, each producing some sound by striking one body part against the other. The actions were ephemeral, but notated by description and re-performable. I had

become critical of documentary procedures as a way of making art and, somewhat in contradiction to my own critique, documented the performance of these sets of instructions with a number of carefully staged photographs, with the camera mounted on a tripod at a fixed distance, a tape recorder and a stop clock carefully positioned in the frame. I printed these photographs in defined series, each defined by a particular performed sequence, using a mask on the enlargement table to format the images. One set had four triangles on the page, another four squares, a third were full-page images. The sets of photographs were accompanied by a signed declaration that these actions had been performed in front of a witness (Ted Walters) on a particular date.* Taken as whole this was a very intentional work, indexing the discernible characteristics of the performance, but a dead end for me and quite bleak. It was, of course, what was not represented that counted and I did not know how to represent that or even, as I approached the end of my studies, what I wanted to do, either with my life or with my work.

In the last part of the final year at Saint Martin's eight of us, Andrew Rice, Dave Millidge, Deirdre McArdle, Ian Kirkwood, Peter Eddleston, Richard Deacon, Ted Walters and Tim Jones, had started meeting regularly to talk about future activities and about how we were going to continue to work together and support each other after graduation. This group formed itself into a collective, taking the name Manydeed and having the aim of using a resource – our shared skills and expertise – that could both generate economic activity and, potentially, be a nucleus of shared creative activity after art school. As the end of the year approached the four tutors responsible for the 'A' course – Peter Kardia, Garth Evans, Peter Harvey and Gareth Jones – applied and were invited to join Manydeed. The group met regularly in the succeeding months and these intense weekly meetings, painstakingly documented (minuted individually, verbatim,

with the written slips collected and subsequently collated and pasted into a record book), were, ostensibly, centred on the search for a studio for the group. The metaphoric significance was that we were also trying to discover what, as artists, we wanted to do and where and how to be the artists we, in our different ways, wanted to be. We were ultimately successful in finding and renting a big room occupying the entire third floor of an old school building in Holborn, in Baldwin's Gardens, near to Chancery Lane underground. We rented from the local church for whom this building was now an overlarge church hall. The room, the former gym and assembly hall of the school, was empty save for one very large cast iron stove, which consumed vast quantities of burnable material to little effect. One morning in the spring, before the agreement to rent this space had been concluded, I passed a travel agent's on my way into work and saw that they were advertising cheap, long-stay return tickets to the USA with a company called Jetsave – the longer the stay, the cheaper the ticket. The price for a three-month return was £50 and I knew that I needed to get away from London. I made a reservation the next day, to depart in the middle of June and to return in the middle of September. A friend of a friend of Ted's, a British photographer, sub-let their room in a Chicago apartment to me, I bought a Greyhound bus pass, allowing me unlimited travel on Greyhound buses for a month and, in mid-June, set off. I did take a camera, the Praktica, and, in Chicago as I explored the city – mostly on a heavy American bicycle – I began a mental catalogue of things that I might like to photograph. These were mostly art-deco cinemas, but also included the giant Marlboro cigarette ad that blew sporadic smoke out of the mouth of a mountainous cowboy, and a view of the distant Sears Tower.* It amounted to barely a film's worth, but these were the only photographs I took in the three months. It was a kind of discipline and a response to an unasked question: "Why take photographs?" I found things that I wanted to photograph, and only took the photographs I wanted to take. Some photography derives from an

ideology of the captured moment, Cartier-Bresson perhaps being its exemplar. Another strand derives, on the one hand, from the patience of landscape photographers and early users of plate-cameras, Ansel Adams or Edward Curtis for example and, on the other, from the anonymity of industrial photography as admired by Bernd and Hilla Becher. I certainly wasn't after moments, I had come to regard the camera as almost pernicious, certainly voyeuristic, such feelings compounded by a personal sense of alienation. But I did feel that making a list was more neutral and to do with remembering and didn't make the photographer a (possibly benevolent) predator. I drew a lot during these three months, both in my room and as I travelled on buses. Some of these were figure drawings, notations derived from lists of movements, and I drew fruit and vegetables on a table. As I travelled I continuously drew the changing skylines of the American landscape. I think I was trying to find ways of re-connecting inner sensation with outer appearance. Time was involved, the vegetables rotted, the actions I was notating were repetitive and the large-scale drawings themselves involved substantial bodily deployment; the photographs were the result of repeated journeys, the landscape was drawn as I passed through it.

It was an important trip, I spent a lot of my time alone. Earlier in the year, in London, when I'd arranged to borrow a studio for a week, I'd been shocked to find that I had no idea of what to do. Slowly, in Chicago, I became comfortable with that and with being able to continue. Back in London I now began using the Manydeed studio. I had started a job I hated, making glass-fibre car bodies, and walked out within weeks. Luckily, I found that the model-maker I had worked for previously was happy to have me back on a part-time basis. I began to think about postgraduate study at art school. Some of the work in the studio was performance-based and involved other members of Manydeed. There was a basic format where one person manipulated a limited range of materials

within a defined area ('worked'), whilst two others discussed, criticized, applauded or predicted the ongoing actions ('spoke'). The roles changed after periods of about two hours. These performances – essentially for the most part private, studio-based activity and open-ended – were documented by description, drawing and photographs and there were several different enactments, the last few being done in public, at Garage, an independent, alternative gallery space in Covent Garden, the only public outing for Manydeed.* These *Speak/Work* performances were more or less the end of my performance activity. I was unhappy at being on show, and, on the positive side, increasingly interested in some of the things that I made, which seemed independent of the action that produced them. Co-incidentally I also began to take photographs of those that I liked, taking the photograph against the floor with little information about the room or the context. The photographs were clearly photographs of these objects without there being ambiguity as to whether the photographic document was the work or not. When I started in the Department of Environmental Media at the Royal College of Art in October 1974, I was clear that I wanted to try and make objects, and that the open procedure of these performances, rather than their performative aspect, was the key element. I took photograph when things were finished and, sometimes, as a way of assaying whether they were finished or not.*

My mother died in November of 1973 and, possibly because I was no longer such a regular visitor to the house in Somerset, I began walking in different parts of the country, and, somewhat to my surprise, taking photographs. Often I walked with Jacqui Poncelet, particularly after we began living together, and she lent me her father's camera, a Kodak Retinette, a lovely small camera with a Zeiss lens and limited controls. The small leather case fitted easily into a pocket or backpack. It had a viewfinder, rather than a reflex arrangement, and that suited me. At first these were mostly slide

images, the colour was richer and the quality higher. Highly selected, these and other, later, slide images, printed as Cibachromes, are the pictures in the first part of the book *Atlas* I started in 1986 and published in 1990. In fact I received two cameras through Jacqui – at the beginning of the 1980s our house in Brixton was burgled and both the Retinette and the Praktica stolen. Her aunt, Joan Pettifer, a keen amateur photographer was upgrading her system to a Nikon, so she sold me her Mamiya. This came with an additional wide-angle lens and other accessories, all packed in a stiff leather camera case lined with red felt. This bag and the lens case for the spare lens are the only two things that I have kept. The light meter on the Mamiya became faulty and, in the summer of 1982, after returning from the exhibition *Englische Plastik Heute / British Sculpture Now* at the Kunstmuseum in Lucerne, Switzerland, I discovered that I had, not for the first time, rolls of overexposed film and very few usable images of my installation. In frustration I went into Dixons, the camera dealer in Holborn, and bought a new Olympus, an OM2. I still have this camera, the case and body much worn. I use it less now since digital images have become much more useful, but I still like film and the process by which an image is registered on film and the process of transferring that image to paper. I gave the Mamiya to Bill Woodrow who pierced it with a steel rod and incorporated it into a piece of his sculpture.* The Olympus is a dependable travelling companion; it is manual, apart from the battery driving the light meter, so there is no anxiety about battery failure in a remote place. The changes in technology, however, have been swift and remarkable: 35-mm colour slides, for many years my preferred method of documenting work and exhibitions and a favourite tool in preparing talks or presentations, have become a redundant technology. Nobody has a projector anymore. Cibachrome, the process of making colour prints from colour positive film no longer exists. Colour negative film is still readily available and usable but large-scale prints direct from colour negatives are no longer possible – the paper is not made. I have

started taking pictures in black and white again. The simplicity of the process and its broad diffusion amongst enthusiasts make it a technology that should survive.

Alexis was born in 1978 and Alice in 1982. Apart from documenting works, a lot of the other photographs I took in the 1980s and '90s, some in black and white but most in colour, were of family and friends, on holidays, days out or around the house. I am glad that I did it and that I still have the negatives. It's a pleasure looking at them and I like having that unbreakable physical connection with that particular light at that particular place and with those particular people. I also continued to photograph the landscape, sometimes in slides, but more often now in prints. Photographs that I took in New Zealand in 1989, for example, served as the images in the second part of the book *Atlas*. The drawings in that second section are also quite closely connected to particular parts of that landscape. The drawings in the first section of the book are, on the other hand, made independently of place and paired with particular images after the fact. A horizon or skyline was something I often drew – the line of a distant range of hills or the outline of an outcrop of rock, just as I had done whilst travelling across the States in 1973 – but I also began to draw the sky, clouds, patterns of light, fog or obscuring rain. At some point I also started to photograph the sky. During the early part of the 1990s I became very interested in complexity, flux and ambiguity. *Curious* (1991*), a suite of etchings derived from readers' photographs of anthropomorphic vegetables sent in to the nineteenth-century publication *Strand Magazine* (copies of which were one of the childhood delights of staying at my grandmother's house), was an early result of this developing investigation. Being interested in the sky and in clouds was another, as was the idea of interpreting or reading complex images. *This Is Not A Story*, the title comes from the opening line of Diderot's novel *Jacques The Fatalist*, is the title of a sculpture made for the town of Waiblingen in Germany (1992*) and is also the title I gave to a

contemporaneous sequence of images, some of them mine, some culled from newspapers.* Both sculpture and image sequence are rooted in the exploration of those interests. In the image sequence the pictures morph from one into the other, being linked by shape or detail, demonstrating a lack of fixity as meaning changes according to context and each modifies the others. The most developed exposition of these interests, the essay *Television And Representation* (accompanied, in lecture form, by a suite of illustrative images), was published in 1997.

I bought my first computer, an Amiga, in 1990. Initially this was because I wanted a writing tool for me (and a games machine for Alexis). In the years before, I had read things where people talked of using a ‘word processor’ and I assumed that this was some advanced form of electric typewriter – a piece of hardware rather than software – and had been embarrassed in various shops trying to find one for sale. I must therefore have bought one of the last electric typewriters made – a Brother with a small memory chip, which meant that the machine wrote with a slight delay and was self-justifying – the carriage return was automatic and it had an auto-correct feature. It was nice, with a carbon ribbon and a lovely clear typeface. The Amiga followed, as my mistake dawned on me, although, as with cameras, I am fond of typewriters and have owned many. Clearly I had an emotional attachment to my mother’s electric machine – servo-operated through her POSSUM device, but I also particularly liked my father’s red 1960s Remington with its silver, fibre-glass carrying case and italic typeface. The one I used most was my mother’s small 1940s Underwood portable, that had three rather than four tiers of keys, and an old Underwood office machine with a long carriage that I had found discarded in the basement of the Manydeed studio building. There were others, though, that I bought in flea markets or found. Although I did play chess on it, and a few other games, I mostly used the Amiga to write. In truth I was a bit scared of

it, unfamiliar with the language of the technology and being too stubborn to ask for help. I slowly learnt that the big difference lay in being able to produce clean typescript after editing without having to redo the work. My writing follows a pattern of a first manuscript draft in longhand, then a typescript, which is much rewritten. Liking typewriters has a bit to do with this process, and many of the earlier typescripts are, literally, cut and pasted together as well as being over-written before they take on a final form. I do need a printed copy to work on and have been liberated by the freedom to cut, paste and rewrite on the computer. There were earlier texts, but 'Television And Representation' (1997) was the first extended essay produced like this – followed by 'Where Do Ideas Come From' (1999).

One of the first works that I made independently at Saint Martin's involved, for the first part, drawing onto photographs and, for the second part, typing text onto other photographs.* It is not too difficult to see in this work precursors of the pairing of drawing and image in *Atlas*, or of the superposition of drawing onto photograph in the screenprints *Show & Tell*, or the series of collaged images begun in 1996, where a black line-drawing is revealed through a hole cut into a printed colour photograph.* These photographs are almost all of the sky, culled initially from the photographs that I had been taking out of curiosity and then, progressively, taken with a clear intent for some future use. In the earlier works there are usually clouds in the sky, with sparse indications of place along the bottom edge of the image. This remained more or less constant, but progressively my attention became focussed on the blue of the sky, a phenomenon of light, atmosphere and perception, and of how it was registered on film and then printed on photographic paper. The last of these works were made in 2004.* Embarking on these I discovered it was no longer possible to have large colour prints made as analogue images, but that the source would be scanned and digitally

reproduced. The result may or may not be different but, for me, a conceptual link is broken.